

in which these two lovers found them-

the waves' assaults since the world's

The man had shaped his life upon a

an to whom he had been forced to

mete out death in an unprecedented

and terrible manner. His unwilling-

ness to derogate by his own conduct

from the standard of devotion which

he believed had inhabited his wife's

bosom, made it impossible for him to

his heart for this new woman to have

free course; honor, pride and self-re-

spect scourged him just in proportion

The more he loved her, the more

ashamed he was. By a curious com-

bination of circumstances, Enid Mait-

land knew the truth; she knew that

from one point of view the woman had

been entirely unworthy the reverence

in which her husband held her mem-

ory. She knew that his wife had not

loved him at all, that her whole heart

had been given to another man, that

what Newbold had mistaken for a pas-

sionate desire for his society because

there was no satisfaction in life for

the wife away from him, was due to a

fear lest without his protection she

should be unable to resist the appeal

of the other man which her heart

seconded so powerfully. If it were

only that Newbold would not be false

to the obligation of the other woman's

devotion. Enid might have solved the

It was not so simple, however. The

fact that Newbold cherished this mem-

ory, the fact that this other woman

had fought so desperately, had tried

so hard not to give way, entitled her

to Enid Maitland's admiration and de-

manded her highest consideration as

her in possession of this woman's se-

inadvertently eavesdropping. She

could not in honor make use of what

man at the expense of his dead wife's

Although she longed for him as

her love for him amazed her by its

depth and intensity, even to bring her

happiness, commensurate with her

feeling, she could not betray her dead

sister. The imposts of honor, how

hard they are to sustain when they

Enid Maitland was naturally not a

little thrown off her balance by the

situation and the power that was hers.

What she could not do herself she

could not allow anyone else to do.

The obligation upon her must be ex-

tended to others. Old Kirkby had no

right to the woman's secret any more

than she; he must be silenced. Arm

strong, the only other being who was

privy to the truth, must be silenced

One thing at least arose out of the

sea of trouble in a tangible way; she

was done with Armstrong. Even if

she had not so loved Newbold that she

could scarcely give a thought to any

other human being, she was done with

had loved another woman, so had New-

bold; and the latter had even married

this other woman, yet she was quite

willing to forgive Newbold, she made

every excuse for him, she made none

for Armstrong. She was an eminently

sane, just person, yet as she thought

of the situation her anger against

was a safety valve to her feelings, al-

though she did not realize it. After

all. Armstrong's actions rendered her

a certain service; if she could get

over the objection in her soul, if she

could ever satisfy her sense of honor

and duty and obligation, she could set-

tle the question at once. She had

only to show the letters to Newbold

and to say: "These were written by

the man of the picture; it was he, and

not you, your wife loved," and New-

These thoughts were not without a

ensation of self sacrifice is in its

realization. That she could and did

not somehow ennobled her love for

bold would take her to his heart in-

Armstrong.

stantly.

conflict with love and longing.

luch as he longed for her, alt

problem in a moment.

to his passion for Enid Maltland.

morning.

SYNOPSIS.

Enid Maitland, a frank, free and unspolled young Phaliadeiphia girl, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Maitland. James Armstrong, Maitland's protege, fails in love with her. His persistent wooing thrills the girl, but she hesitates, and Armstrong goes east can business without a definite answer. Enid hears the gtory of a mining engineer, Newbold, whose wife fell off a cliff and was so sertously hurt that he was compelled to shoot her to prevent her being eaten by wolves while he wont for help. Kirkby, the old guide who tells the story, gives Enid a package of letters which he says were found on the dead woman's body. She reads the letters and at Kirkby's request keeps them. While bathing in mountain stream Enid is attacked by a bear, which is mysteriously shot. A storm adds to the girl's terror. A sudden deluge transforms brook into raging torrent, which sweeps Enid into gorge, where she is reecued by a mountain hermit after a thrilling experience. Campers in great confusion upon discoving Enid's absence when the storm breaks. Maitland and Old Kirkby go in the strange man's bunk. Miner cooks breakfast for Enid, after which they go on tour of inspection. The hermit tells Enid of his unsuccessful attempt to find the Maitland campers. He admits that he is also from Philadelphia. The hermit falls in love with Enid. The man comes to a realization of his love for her, but naturally in that strange solitude the relations of the girl and her rescuer become unnatural and strained. The stranger tells of a wife he had who is dead, and says he has sworn to ever cherish her memory by living in solitude. He and Enid, however, confess their love for each other. She learns that he is the man who killed his wife in the mountain. Enid discovers the writer of the letters to Newbold's wife to have been James Armstrong. Newbold decides to start to the settlement for help.

CHAPTER XVII-(Continued). "Nothing," said the woman, never shrinking back an inch, facing him with all the courage and daring with which a Goddess might look upon a man. "Nothing but my weakness and your strength."

"Yes, that's it, but do not count too much upon the one or the other. Great God, how can I keep away from you; life on the old terms is insupportable. I must go."

"And where?" "Anywhere, so it be away." "And when?"

Now. 'It would be death in the snow and In the mountains tonight. No, no, you cannot go."

"Well, tomorrow then. It will be fair, I can't take you with me, but I must go alone to the settlements, I well. Chance, or Providence, had put must tell your friends you are here. alive, well. I shall find men to come cret. It was as if she had been caught back and get you. What I cannot do slone numbers together may effect. They can carry you over the worst of she had overheard, as it were; she the trails, you shall be restored to could not blacken the other woman's your people, to your world again, you memory, she could not enlighten this can forget me."

"And do you think," asked the wo- reputation. man, "that I could ever forget you?" don't know.

"And will you forget me?" "Not so long as life throbs in my weins, and beyond."

"And I too," was the return "So be it. You won't be afraid to

stay here alone, now." "No, not since you love me," was

the noble answer. "I suppose I must; there is no other way, we could not go on as before. And you will come back to me as quickly as you can with the others?" "I shall not come back; I will give

whem the direction, they can find you without me. When I say goodbye to you tomorrow it shall be forever.' "And I swear to you," asserted the

woman in quick desperation, "if you do not come back they shall have mothing to carry from here but my dead body." "And how will you prevent my go

"I can't. But I will follow you on my hands and knees in the snow until I freeze and dle unless I have your promise."

"You have beaten me," said the man hopelessly. "You always do. Honor, what is it? Pride, what is it? Self-respect, what is it? Say the word and I am at your feet, I put the past behind me."

"I don't say the word," answered the woman bravely, white faced, pale lipped, but resolute. "To be yours, to have you mine, is the greatest desire of my heart, but not in the coward's way, not at the expense of honor, of self-respect-no not that way. Courage my friend, God will show us the way, and meantime good night."

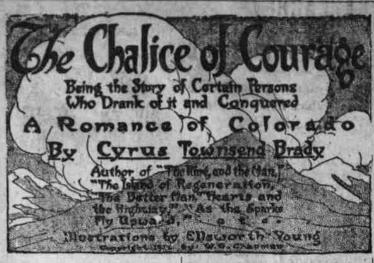
"I shall start in the morning." "Yes," she nodded reluctantly but Emowing it had to be, "but you won't go without bidding me good bye."

"Good night then," she said extending her hand."

"Good night," he whispered hoarsand refused it, backing away. "I don't dare to take it. I don't dare to ouch you again. I love you so, my only salvation is to keep away."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Strength of the Weak Although Enid Maitland had spoker provely enough while he was there. possess power, to refrain from using preme. " must



into the denths as she contemplated perhaps to pay oneself the most flat- itably take the woman. the dreadful and unsolvable dilemma tering of compliments. There was a selves so unwittingly and inextricably was yet denied him.

involved. It was indeed a curious and the shore it broke upon conventions, those iron coasts that have withstood mistake. He believed absolutely in desirable, as the woman whom he now the unquestioned devotion of a womloved.

Every sting of outrage, every feeling of shame, every fear of disloyalty,

him in their hands. He was bound and him enter, and he came in. helpless, rage as he might in one immovable body the philosophers puz- been more white and agonized. zled over were exemplified in him. Whilst he almost hated the new wom-

when she was alone her teart sank It in obedience to some higher law, is fideas and his ideals, or he must inev-

satisfaction to her soul in this which raged within his bosom! Sometimes in his despair he thought that he Her action was quite different from would have been glad if he and she bewildering situation. Passionate his. She was putting away happiness had gone down together in the dark was it the wisdom of instinct by which adoration for the other rose in each which she might have had in compil- waters before all this came upon him. breast like the surging tide of a ance with a higher law than that The floods of which the heavens had mighty sea, and like that tide upon which bids humanity enjoy. It was emptied themselves had borne her to flattering to her mind. In his case, him. Oh if they had only swept him ideas, ideals and obligations intangi- it was otherwise; he had no con- out of life with its trouble, its trials, ble to the naked eye, but as real as sciousness that he was a victim of its anxieties, its obligations, its imposmisplaced trust, of misinterpreted ac- sibilities. If they had gone together! tion. He thought the woman for And then he knew that he was glad whom he was putting away happiness even for the torture, because he had was almost as worthy, if infinitely less seen her, because he had loved her, and because she had loved him,

He marveled at himself curiously, and in a detached way. There was a woman who loved him, who had conscourged him. She could glory in it; fessed it boldly and innocently, there he was ashamed, humiliated, broken, was none to say him nay. The woman She heard him savagely walking up who stood between had been dead five and down the other room, restlessly years. The world knew nothing, cared impelled by the same Erinyes which nothing; they could go out together; allow the real love that had come into of old scourged Orestes; the violator he could take her, she would come. On of the laws of moral being drove him the impulse he turned and ran to the on. These malign Eumenides held door and beat upon it. Her voice bade

Her heart yearned to him. She was moment, pray as he did in another, no shocked, appalled at the torture she light came into the whirling darkness saw upon his face. Had he been laid of his torn, tempest tossed, driven upon the rack, and every joint pulled soul. The irresistible impulse and the from its sockets, he could not have

> "I give up," he cried. "What are honor and self respect to me? I want



I know you better than you know How frightful was the battle that yourself. You will not take advantage of affection so unbounded, of weakness so pitiable."

Was it the wisdom of calculation, or she chose her course? Resistance would have been unavailing, in weakness was her strength.

inherit the earth! Yes, that was true. so did he.

Slowly the man released her. She did not even then draw away from him. She stood with her hand still on his breast. She could feel the beating the girl. of his heart beneath her fingers. "I am right," she said softly.

kills me to deny you anything. deny it? It is my glory, not my

"There is nothing above love like ours," he pleaded, wondering what she stopped him by a hand's touch, a whispered word, a faith.

"No; love is life, love is God, bu even God himself is under obligations of righteousness. For me to come to you now, to marry you now, to be your wife, would be unholy. There would not be that perfect confidence between us that must endure in that revelation. Your honor and mine, your elf respect and mine, would interpose. If I can't have you with a clear conscience, if you can't come to me in the same way, we are better apart. Although it kills me, although life without you seems nothing. I would rather not live it, we are better apart. I can't be your wife until-"

"Until what and until when?" de manded Newbold

"I don't know," said the woman, "but believe that somewhere, somehow, we shall find a way out of our difficulty. There is a way," she said a little incautiously. "I know it."

"Show It to me." "No, I cannot." "What prevents?" The same thing which prevents you:

honor, loyalty." "To a man?"

"To a woman." "I do not understand."

"No, but you will some day." miled at him. "See," she said, through my tears I can smile at you, hough my heart is breaking. I know that in God's good time this will work itself out."

"I can't wait for God. I want you low," persisted the other.

"Hush, don't say that," answered the woman, for a moment laying her hand know how you suffer."

The man could say nothing, do nothing. He stared at her a moment and his hand went to his throat as if he were choking.

"Unworthy," he said hoarsely, "un worthy of the past, unworthy of the present, unworthy of the future. May God forgive me, I never can." "He will forgive you, never fear,"

answered Enid gently. "And you?" asked her lover. "I have

ruined your life." "No, you have ennobled it. nothing ever make you forget that. Wherever you are and whatever you

do, and whatever you may have been I love you, and I shall love you to the end. Now you must go, it is so late, I can't stand any more. I throw my self on your mercy again, I grow weak er and weaker before you; as you are a man, as you are stronger, save me from myself. If you were to take me again in your arms," she went on steadily, "I know not how I could drive you back. For God's sake, if you love

That was the hardest thing he had ever done, to turn and go out of the room, out of her sight, and leave her standing there with eyes shining, with pulses throbbing, with breath coming fast, with bosom panting. Once more and at a touch she might have yielded!

CHAPTER XIX

The Challenge of the Range.

Mr. James Armstrong sat at his desk before the west window in his er than that. "I do love you, I will private room in one of the tallest buildings in Denver. His suite of of fices was situated on one of the top happy that I cannot even think of it, if floors, and from it he had a clear and I could put my hand in your own, if I unobstructed view of the mighty could lay my head upon your shoul- range over the intervening house tops der, if I could feel your heart beat and other buildings. The earth was against mine, if I could give myself up covered with snow. It had fallen steadto you, I would be so glad, so glad. Ily through the night, but with the dawn the air had cleared and the sun had come out brightly, although it was He was by her side, his arm went very cold.

Letters, papers, documents, the demands of a business extensive and varled, were left unnoticed. He sat with his broad breast and threw her head his elbow on the deak, his head on his hand, looking moodily at the range. In the month that had elapsed since ow weak in your hands. Every voice he had received news of Enid Mattin my heart blds me give way. If you land's disappearance he had sat often van deny you nothing. I am in that way, in that place, staring at

reflections, heavy hearted and discon solate indeed.

After that memorable interview with Mr. Stephen Maitland in Phila-

delphia he had deemed it proper to await there the arrival of Mr. Robert Maitland. A brief interview with that distracted gentleman had put him in possession of all the facts in Blessed are the meek, for they shall the case. As Robert Maitland had said, after presentation of the tragic She knew it now, if never before, and story, the situation was quite hopeless. Even Armstrong reluctantly admitted that her uncle and old Kirkby had done everything that was possible for the rescue or discovery of

Therefore the two despondent gentlemen had shortly after returned to pickle?" My their western homes, Robert Maitland hearts yearns toward you. Why should in this instance being accompanied by his brother Stephen. The latter never knew how much his daughter had been to him until this evil fate ducing a ring, "which is the right finhad befallen her. Robert Maitland ger?" marvelous mastery she exercised that had promised to inaugurate a thorough and extensive search to solve the mystery of her death, which he felt was certain, in the spring, when the engaged to a girl before!"

weather permitted humanity to have free course through the mountains. Mr. Stephen Maitland found a certain melancholy satisfaction in being at least near the place where neither he nor any one had any doubt his daughter's remains lay hid beneath the snow or ice on the mountains in been a trial for me for the last twenty the freezing cold. Robert Maitland years!-Judge. had no other idea than that Enid's body was in the lake. He intended to drain it-an engineering task of no great difficulty-and yet he intended, also, to search the hills for miles on either side of the main stream down which she had gone, for she might possibly have strayed away and died of starvation and exposure, rather would leave nothing undong to discov-

er her. He had strenuously opposed Armstrong's recklessly expressed intention of going into the mountains im- up and muttering to himself out there be hindered from attempting any en- Skeedee tavern.

course. by any fortunate chance escaped the er vane of the church across the cloudburst, she must inevitably have street. Ezra says, by Heck, he's about on his lips. "But I forgive you." I perished from cold, starvation and ex. ready to move away, things is so dead posure in the mountain long since There was scarcely a possibility that she could have escaped the flood, but if she had, it would only to be devoted to death a little later. If she on military affairs, entered the

When the snows melted what was concealed would be revealed. Alone, she could do nothing. And admitting again that Enid was alone, this conclusion

was as sound as the other. Now no one had the faintest hope that Enid Maitland was yet alive, except, perhaps, her father, Mr. Stephen Maitland. They could not convince him, he was so old and set in his opinions and so utterly unfamiliar with the conditions that they tried to describe to him, that he clung to his belief in spite of all, and finally they let him take such comfort as he could from

his vain hope without any further at-

tempt at contradiction.

In spite of all the arguments, how Mr. James Armstrong was not satisfied. He was as hopeless as the rest, but his temperament would not permit him to accept the inevitable calmiy. It was barely possible that she might not be dead, and that she might not be alone. There was scarce up enough possibility of this to justify a suspicion, but that is not saying there was none at all.

Day after day he had sat in his of ice denying himself to everyone and refusing to consider anything, brooding over the situation. He loved Enid Maltland, he loved her before, and now that he had lost her, he leved her still

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Daniel and the Lions And it came to pass that Daniel was cast into the den of lions by order of King Darius.

Early the next morning King Darius went to the den, rolled away the stone, and called out: "Do the liona

"Not unreasonably," replied Daniel. who was well up in the legal vernacular of the day.

"Good," ejaculated King Darius as he rolled back the stone. Thereupon he went forth and proclaimed to the multitude that the lion question had been salved.-Puck.

sinner you have got hold of, and that one dip won't do him any good; you'll have to anchor him out in deep water

## SHARP PAINS lame back, aching day and night? Do you feel a sharp pain after bending over? When the kid-

poan's Kidney Pills, which have cured thousa A Texas

neys seem sore and the action

Case-

DOAN'S KIDNEY FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

Mean Hint. "Men are what their diet makes them."

"You must have been eating a great deal of sheepshead fish lately." Usual One.

"What is the latest thing which Mrs. Cooke has in the way of a

"I guess it is her husband."

Unsophisticated. "Darling," said the fond youth, pro-

"For goodness sake, Algy!" responded the maiden, "don't you know? Nineteen years old and never been

Not New First Neighbor-Have you heard

tell of them new-fangled trial marriages? Second Neighbor-I don't see nothing new-fangled about 'em. Mine's

Neglect and Cruelty. "So you want a divorce?" said the

lawyer. "Yes," replied the woman with tear-stained cheeks. "He has been

guilty of neglect and cruelty." "In what respects?" "He neglected to feed the bird while than drowning. At any rate, he I was away and says the cruelest things he can think of about Fido."

Explains the Undertaker's Grouch. "Who is that fellow sitting humped

mediately to search for her. Arm-arrong was not easily moved from any "Aw, that's Ezra Toombs, the underpurpose he entertained, or lightly to taker," replied the landlord of the "He's feeling sore terprise that he projected, but by the over the way his business has been time the party reached Denver the going of late. You see, the doctor winter had set in, and even he real- gave Judge Feebles two weeks to live;

ized the futility of any immediate that was six weeks ago, and the judge search for a dead body lost in the is up and around now and figgerin on mountains. Admitting that Enid was marryin again. Every time Ezra dead, the conclusions were sound, of meets the doctor he asks him, 'How about it, hey?' and they have a row. The others pointed out to Armstrong | And now he's sittin' out there watch that if the woman they all loved had ing a tramp painter gilding the weathhere."-Kansas City Star.

Eggs Clotworthy Ate.

Harry Clotworthy, who is an expert was not in the lake, what remained of dining room of the National Press her would be in some lateral canon. club one morning and carried with It would be impossible to discover him a ravenous appetite. Having her body in the deep snows until the eaten one breakfast, which consisted spring and the warm weather came, largely of eggs, he ordered another breakfast, which consisted even more largely of eggs. After his repast he went to the writing room to get off some letters. Half an hour later the steward of the club found the colored waiter loafing about the entrance of the writing room and asked him what he meant by being absent from his post.

"I got a good excuse," exclaimed the waiter, exhibiting the check for the agg breakfast. "Mr. Clotworthy done eat \$2 worth of eggs and I ain't goin' to let him git away from here without payin' for them, high as eggs is

"GOOD STUFF." A Confirmed Coffee Drinker Takes to Postum.

A housewife was recently surprised when cook served Postum instead of coffee. She says:

"For the last five or six years I have been troubled with nervousne digestion and heart trouble. I couldn't get any benefit from the doctor's medicine so finally he ordered me to stop

drinking coffee, which I did. "I drank hot water while taking the doctor's medicine, with some improve ment, then went back to coffee with the same old trouble as before.

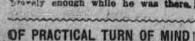
"A new servant girl told me about Postum-said her folks used it and liked it in place of coffee. We got a package but I told her I did not lieve my husband would like it, as he was a great coffee drinker.

"To my surprise he called for a third cup, said it was 'good stuff' and wanted to know what it was. have used Postum ever since and both feel better than we have in years.

"My husband used to have bad spells with his stomach and would be sick three or four days, during which time he could not eat or drink any thing. But since he gave up coffee and took to Postum, he has had no more trouble, and we now fully believe it was all caused by coffee.

"I have not had any return of my former troubles since drinking Postum, and feel better and can do more work than in the last ten years. We tell everyone about it-some say they tried it and did not like it. I tell the it makes all the difference as to how ing to directions—then it is delicted

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creak, Mich. Read the book, "The



Wrote Had Little of the Romantiq

Thare was many affectin' which made me hanker arter Bets; June, Her farther's farm jined our'n; fliefr cows and our'n squencht their in the woodchucks from his native fliurst at the same spring; the medical lair.

I cleared my throat and tremblinly meanly the same period; our parents sed, "Betsy, you're a gaselle."

ery Sunday in the same meetin' house, and the nabers used to observe, "How

thick the Wards and Peasieys air." "I was a carm, still nite in Joon. All later was husbt and narry zeffer disturbed the sereen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her far-ther's pastur. We'd been rompin' rew the woods, killin' flours & driv-

Betsy's and mine slept regiarly ev- | I thought that air were sutty fine. I | beef and turnips in the naberhood." waitid to see what effect it would have upon her. It evidently didn't fetch er, for she up an' sed:

arably hold to his

A singular situation! Armstrong an, whilst he almost loved the old, you. I have put the past behind. You

yet that he did neither the one thing

nor the other absolutely was signifi-

Indeed he knew that he was glad

Enid Maitland had come into his life.

No life is complete until it is touched

by that divine fire which for lack of

another name we call love. Because

are said to be made in God's image.

The image is blurred as the animal

predominates, it is clearer as the spir-

The man raved in his mind. White

faced, stern, he walked up and down

he tossed his arms about him, he stop-

ped, his eyes closed, he threw his

hands up toward God, his heart cried

out under the lacerations of the blows

inflicted upon it. No flagellant of old ever trembled beneath the body lash

as he under the spiritual punishment.

same moment that he longed to live

the problem that would leave him with

untarnished honor and undiminished

self respect and fidelity, and yet give

He prayed that he might die at the

itual has the ascendency.

cant.

Armstrong grew hotter and hotter. It we can experience that sensation we

certain comfort to her. All the com- He grappled blindly for solutions of

base metal. In the powerful and strove to find a way to reconcile the

universal appeal of this man to her, past with the present, realizing as he

she rejoiced at whatever was of the did so the futility of such a proposi-

him. Even women are alloyed with him this woman, and in vain.

soul, rather than of the body. To tion. One or the other must be

She Stood With Her Hand Still on His Breast.

"You're a sheep!". See I, "Betsy, I think muchly of you ttched away from me.

"I wish thar was winders to ofe," sed I, "so that you could ne of my feelins. There's fire enough in here," said I, strikin' my buzzum you're drivin' at. If you mean gettin' with my fist, "to bile all the corned hitched, I'm in."

I should have continuered on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortunitely I lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearin' my close and severly damagin' my

love me, and I, I am yours with every

fiber of my being. Great God! Let

us cast aside these foolish quixotic

scruples that have kept us apart. If

a man's thoughts declare his guilt, I

am already disloyal to the other wom-

an; deeply, entirely so. I have be-

trayed her, shamed her, abandoned

her. Let me have some reward for

what I have gone through. You love

"No," answered the woman, and no

task ever laid upon her had been hard-

not deny it. Every part of me re-

But it cannot be, not now."

back and looked at him.

"Why not?" pleaded the man,

round her. She did not resist phy-

sically, it would have been useless

She only laid her slender hand upon

"See," she said, "how holpless I am,

sponds to your appeal. I should be so

me; come to me."

Betay Jane sprung to my assistance an dragged me 4th. Then drawin' herself up to her full hite she sed: "I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Just hay strate lout what

I considered that fair enuff for all | powerful looking man who was lookpractical purposes, and we proceeded immijitly to the parsons and was made 1 that very nite.-Artemus Ward.

An elder, while baptizing converts at a revival meeting, advanced with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap into the water. He asked the usual questions, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be

ion't want to interfere in yer busin but I want to say that this is an old over night."

"Big leaguers think it makes a man quicker on the bases."

ing quietly on remarked:

Of Course it Pays.
"Does a college education help
man in after life?"